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SELECT TALES. *

Stock-am-Ötsch—or, THE IRON TRUNK. From the Knickerbacker.

Of the many youths who frequented the University of Erfurt, there were few more distinguished, either for beauty of personal appearance, or devoted assiduity to study, than the young Frederick Stapps. Nor was the admiration he excited unmerited. In none of the athletic exercises—in none of the daring projects—the "renowning,"* duelling, or wild revelry, which distinguished the *Landmannschaften*, or initiated body of German students, was he deficient. And yet among the sage heads of the University, the veteran professors of Law and Philosophy, there was not any of the *Burschen* in higher estimation. But it was with the fair daughters of the learned doctors, and the graceful young nymphs, who roved in the clear sunny evenings of summer to promenade beneath the shade of the lofty elms, which form such a fine walk before the old gothic University, that the handsome and daring young student was most essentially in favor. And more than one staid and matronly wife of the substantial burgomasters, had always ready for the admired young man a smile of kindness, and a good dinner of gamestew and Rhenish, when he chose to visit their house. In fact, Frederick was accounted by all the professors the most diligent and attentive of students; by the students themselves, the most happy and favored of the body—by all the worthy citizens of Erfurt, the most promising of youths, and by all the young ladies who saw or knew him, the handsomest and most engaging of bachelors. Yet, the student himself seemed to know or care little about this universal admiration, and, except in his moments of relaxation, when in some *commerz*-house of the city he joined the uproarious reveling of his companions, he was a melancholy and secluded youth. Time after time, when all the city indulged in merriment and hilarity, the delicious evenings of the German summer found Fredrick wandering far from society in the deep recesses of the Thuringian forest; and at the numerous balls which enlivened the city, instead of the joviality and high spirits which most young men with his reputation would have assumed, he appeared among the admiring and neglected fair a lonely and abstracted being. This apathy was attributed by his companions to some deep and silent scheme which political enthusiasm was working in his mind, and which the very general confederation of German students, to effect the liberation of their country from the ascendancy of French principles prevalent at the time, rendered no wise improbable; while the opposite and grieving sex as naturally attributed the unusual demeanor to an unforgetting and unreturned attachment still preying on his mind. Both these conjectures were wrong. It is true that Frederick was in love, but it was the hopeless flame of a forbidden passion, entertained and cherished by the unfortunate young man, for a lady lovely enough in her person to secure the throne of the world, were beauty the qualification, and sufficiently high born to rank with the noblest in a land where sixteen quarterings are required to constitute gentility.||

* "Renowning" in the Universities of Germany is similar to the conduct known as "spreeing" among the students of our own colleges, with the difference that it is done not merely to give them eclat with the body corporate of their fellows, but to make themselves remarkable among the whole community where they may reside. "Duels" or "Scandals" is another ferocious characteristic of the body; and he fights the greatest number of them for the least possible cause "Renowns superbly."

† The word *Bursche*, though it means a *young fellow*, has been appropriated by the students all over Germany to designate themselves. They have agreed to consider themselves, *par excellence*, the young fellows of Germany. *Das Burschenleben*, for example, means not the mode of life of young men in general, but only of young men at college.

—See Russel's *Tour*, vol. i. p. 90.

‡ The taverns which the students frequent are so called.

|| In the old chivalric orders, the knights of St. John and of the Temple, none of the "languages," as the nations of

To account for this strange infatuation in a youth otherwise so promising, it will be necessary to introduce the reader to the earliest days of the Erfurt student. He was the only child of the curate of Naumburg. The father, simple, worthy man, had all his affections centred in his son, nor had he any higher ambition than to see the high old-fashioned pews of his neat little church well filled with the worthy inhabitants of the village, and to hope that the massive and thickly carved oak pulpit which he had so long himself declaimed from, should at a future day be occupied by Frederick. For this purpose he stored his mind early with all the intricate dogmas of polemical divinity, and spent all his leisure time in directing the child's hopes to the dignity of a station so honorable. But Frederick had other objects in his mind. About a league from the beautiful village where he lived, there was a baronial castle of the Dukes of Rodoldstadt. This feudal residence was long neglected by the family for the more magnificent palace of the capital of the Duchy, and was only occupied by the instructors and attendants of the princess Louisa, the only daughter of the illustrious house. This child from infancy was distinguished for the matchless beauty of her person, while the absence of that formal etiquette so rigidly observed in German families of rank, occasioned by the non-residence of her father, had perhaps created an affability unknown in ladies of her station, by allowing the natural kindness and hilarity of youth to flourish in all its artless luxuriance, unchecked by formality or restraint. One branch of the education of this interesting child was entrusted to Frederick's father, and this connection had caused between his enthusiastic son and his lovely and engaging ward a degree of acquaintance, and even intimacy, seldom enjoyed in Germany by an individual of his station. And Frederick soon found all his happiness consisted in gathering wreaths for the princess of the rarest flowers which grew in the wilds near the district, or in planting her favorite arbors with the fragrant and umbrageous willow from the banks of the Saale. Even in church, where the formality with which the lady's station was preserved prevented her from recognizing him, he often had the pleasure of seeing in her large and soft blue eye when directed towards him a look of satisfaction and delight—to him worth all the world beside. But this intimacy was not fated to be lasting. The haughty duke had either observed or was informed of this daring attachment, and incensed beyond measure at such a possibility, the old Cure was instantly restricted to his manse, and the son sternly forbidden to approach the grounds of the castle. Frederick, though he warmly admired, never suspected that he had dared to love, till the speedy death of every former enjoyment deeply convinced him of the fatal truth. At the University, to which he was soon after removed, he strove manfully to recall his entrapped affections: in the recklessness of his spirit he plunged foremost into all the wild excesses of his dissipated companions; and he strove to quench the fever of his mind by the intensest study of the varied learning of the schools. He almost succeeded in wearing the rooted feeling from his soul; and though the altered color of his cheek told how deep it had been seated, he believed and rejoiced that it was overcome, when a simple and unexpected incident revived the slumbering passion in all its force, and consigned the unfortunate youth to the varied tortures of uncontrollable and of hopeless love.

It was one of those splendid evenings of the German autumn, when sunset turns the atmosphere into purest

azure and the sky to burnished gold, that young Frederick stood upon the rampart of Erfurt, admiring the glories of a landscape unsurpassed for beauty—where

vast forests, and dim mountains, and noble rivers

stretching beyond him in boundless continuity, were

all bathed in one rich dye of expiring light, and seemed

Europe were designated in the institute of the order, guarded the entrance to knightly honor with such jealous care as that of Germany. There the candidates were obliged to show eight points of gentility on their escutcheon on either side of the house previous to admission.

hushed into the calmness of reposing life. He had just risen from the perplexing study of the old philosophy, and his mind was confused with a thousand distracting influences: the unrivaled scene before him had a composing effect upon his feelings, and he had almost forgot he was in being in the deep reverie which fell upon his spirit, when his attention was attracted by a splendid equipage, proceeding at a rapid rate toward the city from the direction of Rodoldstadt. In the listless state of mind which often succeeds worried spirits, with what anxiety will we watch the smallest incident that tends to mar the monotony. And thus Frederick continued to trace the glittering vehicle and its numerous attendants, as it wound its way, now hid in valleys, now glancing through scattered trees, and now driving furiously over the level champagne toward the city. When it came up, it stopped directly under the rampart, and two ladies were assisted to alight by the officious servants. The student from his elevated position could observe all their motions. The eldest seemed to be about forty, of a noble and dignified demeanor; and her companion, hardly yet a woman, was graced with a beauty so surpassing, that Frederick, in his warmest dreams of perfection, had never supposed such reality could exist. So absolutely had the idea of the lovely stranger possessed him, that he almost felt his existence a blank, as she disappeared under the arch; but his whole soul thrilled with an emotion he had never felt before, when as again he saw her and her companion mount the rampart and approach, he recognized in that modelled loveliness only the matured and expanded charms of the girlish heiress of Naumburg. —Her form was as faultless as her countenance; and there was a sylph-like lightness in her step that, to the impassioned student, seemed the very harmony of grace. As they passed along, Frederick felt regret steal upon his mind, that that beautiful vision would soon be gone for ever, when he saw the younger lady drop something from her person, which she did not notice. With the rapidity of lightning he flew from the spot where he was standing, and snatched the precious relic from the ground. It was a bracelet; and in the warmth of his feelings the excited Stapps could not avoid pressing an impassioned kiss on the costly gems which it encased. Whether it was that the lady had missed the article, or had been struck by the sudden precipitancy of the before motionless figure, she and her companion turned, and before the unconscious Frederick was aware, his glance met the soft blue eyes of the lovely owner. He instantly blushed the deepest crimson, and in unutterable confusion hastened to present the bracelet—though he had never wished for grace in his movements so much, yet he never felt so awkward. Perhaps from sympathy with the extraordinary agitation displayed by the young man—the exquisite features of the lady colored slightly as she received it—and that transient blush touched his heart with rapture. And though she gave him no other sign of recognition than the tones of winning sweetness in which she thanked him, she left Frederick Stapps from that absorbing moment an altered and a ruined man.

On events how slender hang the destinies of individuals as well as nations. That simple incident of the bracelet altered every taste, and habit, and predilection of the Erfurt student. Every successive evening saw him standing on the same spot, admiring the same glorious sunset, and the same magnificent expanse of landscape, not, however, with the feelings of ardent admiration as at first, but with the single hope of seeing that equipage return, which contained the lovely creature who had laid a spell upon his soul. He attended the lectures of the different professors assiduously as ever—but science had lost its charms. He still mingled, but without enjoyment, in the wild revelry of his companions, and to the little fetes of the friendly citizens he went as ever a welcome but an unconscious guest—he met there many a fair and even beautiful maiden—but only felt that there was not present the soft violet eyes and the sunny curls, which shaded the tinted beauty of that countenance which had left its impression for ever on his heart.

A passion so lone, so cherished, so consuming, could

not exist long without producing serious inroads upon his constitution; and young Stapps, once the admired of all, soon became pale and emaciated. Frederick had a friend. Theodore Guzmann was the son of an *Amstrath*,* who lived in the neighborhood of the village of which his own father was the curate: and from infancy their predilections and tastes had been the same. Circumstances had, however, given a different complexion to their character. Frederick, tutored by his father in the bold doctrines of Luther, felt an admiration only for those illustrious personages, whose enthusiasm in former ages had sprinkled history with the coloring of romance. The inignant virtue of Lucretia—the heroic self-devotion of Mutius—the daring intrepidity of Philip of Burgundy, and the tireless patriotism of Tell were subjects on which he loved to ponder—and he conceived nothing could be more glorious than self-devotion in a cause of public good. Theodore, on the contrary, viewed distinction only with admiration. Patriotism was with him an instrument, and not a passion: and the Caesars, and Sforzas, and Cromwells of history, were the only idols of his fancy—panting for eminence in any form—he found full scope for his ambition, in taking advantage of the reaction in public opinion, which the overstretched power of Napoleon after the battle of Jena had produced upon the continent, and in bending all the energies of his compatriots to the new-formed project of liberating their favorite Teutonia, as they designated Germany in the mystic language which they loved to assume. He was therefore deeply connected with the secret societies then in active operation over all the states of the Rhine and the Danube, and was mainly instrumental in abolishing the odious rivalry of the old *Landmannschaften*, and cementing that most influential of all classes of society in Germany, the students, under the more extended and generous title of *Burschenschaft*.

It was to this friend that Frederick at length confided the hopeless secret, which was wasting him in his prime. That evening they were seen to wander far, from the ramparts; and late at night they returned, linked arm in arm, and still engaged in earnest conversation, to the little apartment of Frederick on the Schneider Platz.

"It were foolish, my dear Stapps," said his friend, removing a number of dusty books, and sitting down in the old carved oak chair, "to let the prediction of this foolish woman sink upon your mind. I never give any credit to such visionaries." "You can not ridicule me out of this impression, Theodore," returned the other, sinking back in his chair, and withdrawing the poker from the half-extinguished fire he had been raking; "as sure as this metal is in my hand, the incident of that day will exercise an influence on my fate." Theodore only answered by applying himself assiduously to renovate the dying embers, and soon succeeded in kindling a blaze. Frederick sat still, watching his operations without speaking. He was recalled to himself by Theodore looking up—and repeated with solemn emphasis—"In one month you will see in the ducal ball-room of Erfurt the person who will determine your fate." "Yes," said Theodore, "those were the words of the soothsayer; and I think it will be unfortunate for her that she has ventured, contrary to the customs of her tribe, to affix a day. "This is September," said Frederick. "Yes," said the other with emphasis—"and the sixth of September, too—the very night of the general meeting of our body; do, Stapps, forget this foolish adventure and still more foolish prediction, and you will find nobler objects to engross your attention than a ridiculous love for a lady you know nothing about; and who would most probably, were she aware of your attachment, ridicule you most heartily for your pains." He winced under the bitter truth of the remark, and replied with a sigh, "it is indeed foolish, but that high-born girl has occupied all my thoughts from infancy. In my father's church, when she was as yet a child, my earliest exercise of thought was remarking how transcendantly her sex was and remained in countenance surpassed the sculptured cherubs upon the princely pew of her family. I never heard her mentioned but with lavish praise. I never saw her but she evinced a condescension so different from the hauteur of elevated rank, that I loved her before I knew it; and when all these unconscious but organized impressions were revived at once by that unexpected sight—when in the frame of mind in which I was, her appearance seemed like a descended seraph—and then the still more unexpected interview. Oh! Theodore, can you wonder

that I should resign every faculty of my soul to the delicious fascination of that presumptuous but intoxicating love." "Yes," said Theodore, touched by the enthusiasm with which he spoke, and convinced that since the cure of Stapps was hopeless, he could best serve his friend by affording a ray of hope to live on—"Yes, Frederick, the lady is worthy of supreme idolatry. By yourself and unassisted, no probability holds out the slightest chance of your being able to succeed. Come and join our body, and the united efforts of the whole *Burschenschaften* shall be directed to your success, and to you I need not expatiate upon their power." Frederick was struck with the proposal, and after remaining silent a few moments, he held out his hand. "Theodore," said he, "I embrace your proposal; but to you alone have I communicated this perilous secret; with you alone must it remain." "To death," said the other, warmly returning the grasp and seizing his hat—"so come away, it is full time we should set out." Frederick muffled himself after the other's example in his cloak, and they proceeded on their way. They hurried through that deserted portion of the city which remains, in silent and lonely grandeur, a memorial of the flourishing opulence which in the fifteenth century attracted to this insignificant place all the commerce of the empire—and passed by the Augustine monastery, now converted into an orphan hospital, whose time-worn walls first harbored that man, the greatest ever Germany produced—whose tongue of thunder upset the settled superstition of a thousand years, and effected the greatest moral revolution ever history recorded.* They then entered a spacious but seemingly deserted building, which had formerly accommodated one of the Palatines of the empire. They were received by a very suspicious looking *Hausmeister*, who immediately passed them on, interchanging a word with Theodore. Then winding through a narrow passage they descended a long flight of stairs, into what Frederick thought must have been the wine-cellars of the house. Through many of these apartments they groped their way in the profoundest darkness, guided only by jutting stones, placed so as to render it utterly futile for any but the initiated ever to have discovered the haunt to which they were the guides. At last, when Frederick was almost weary, his uncertainty was removed by his friend's touching a spring which opened a door, and disclosed to the wondering Stapps a scene that might well have filled with astonishment and even awe any one less firm than himself, whose undaunted hardihood had obtained among his companions the appellation of *Stock-am-elsen*, or, the "Iron Trunk."

It was a long and low arched room, supported by massive columns, and lit by numberless smoky torches. A long table in the centre was covered with all the implements of drinking, and many of its crowded inmates lay around apparently overcome by intoxication. Could it be blood which lay upon the floor, thought Frederick, as they passed a red pool of gory fluid. But there was plenty of frightful reality besides, and coffins, skulls; every variety of weapon and hideous representation of *Hartzdemons*; and other supernatural creations of the old German superstition were scattered about in horrid profusion. The inmates were ferocious looking and haggard, though the young novice could discern from the crested hit, that many a person was present of nobler rank than they seemed. To one not aware of the wild habits of his countrymen, all this accumulation of horrors might have proved horrible in the extreme. But Frederick knew too well the uncompromising hostility with which the German governments proscribed the slightest expression of political liberty, to wonder at the jealous and even fearful secrecy in which these enthusiasts had entrenched themselves against the pervading vigilance of the emissaries of the state. At the time of which we write, these societies had attained a perfection of organization unequalled for potency and extent. It was then that the gigantic power of Napoleon, consolidated by the ruin of the Prussian Monarchy and the dictated treaty of Tilsit, had obtained that commanding influence under which every power on the continent bowed. And though the vassal potentates of Germany seemed to forget their degradation in the brilliant title of "Confederates of the Rhine," yet the great body of the people viewed matters in a far different light, and were universally dissatisfied at the altered allegiance of their native princes, and the heavy imposts with which they were loaded for the aggrandizement of a foreign and generally hostile power.

To increase this feeling, and to work upon the prevailing fears of popular discontent by a secret but universal agency, was the object of these clandestine associations; and their history remains an unexampled proof, not only of their perfect adaptation to the end proposed, but of the unflinching fidelity with which their invisible character was preserved. Into these hidden conclaves all the young intelligence of the vast regions of Germany were enrolled; and their nights were spent either in appalling orgies, that might render them familiar with every possible manifestation of hazard, or in exciting their enthusiasm by mystical songs and representations of a deified but imaginary liberty.* Napoleon, in the very zenith of his power, felt his darling supremacy totter beneath the undermining influence of the public opinion which these viewless enemies had arrayed against him. He recollects with instinctive dread the share which the Illuminati and Rosicrucians of a few years previous had in the frightful anarchies of Jacobinism; and he left no energy of his master mind untried, which could lay the imposing spectre that disturbed him in his dreams of glory; and it was generally rumored at the time that the French Emperor meditated some new scheme of policy which would effectually bind the German empire to his interests. The executive of the *Burschenschaften* therefore exerted a corresponding activity, and every method was put in requisition which could add proselytes to their ranks. The known intrepidity and intellectual endowments of Frederick Stapps caused his appearance among them to be hailed with lively satisfaction; and he was immediately conducted to the presence of the grand master of the order. He was a large man of noble mien, and not so effectually disguised but that Frederick thought he had some recollection of his person. He received the student with kindness, but the young man shrank from the scrutinizing gaze of his piercing eye as he presented him with a bowl which, to his apprehension, seemed smeared, if not filled with blood. Theodore was standing near him, and he was surrounded by a band of ferocious looking monsters, each holding a dagger reeking with the same dreadful fluid. "Drink!" said the chief, in a tone of thunder. He put the disgusting compound to his lips, and drained it to the bottom. He found it exquisitely sweet, and soon felt his brain swimming, not with intoxication, but with a dizzy energy which seemed to lift him above himself, and endow him for a moment with supernatural strength.

The chief and Theodore lost no time in profiting by his excitement. They took him by the arm, and at a given signal, the whole of the promiscuous multitude, each bearing a flambeau in his hand, rushed out of the room into a larger and much more spacious apartment, the floor of which, by a deep slope, made them all run with violence to the farther end, where it terminated in a flight of narrow steps. Into this passage the whole crowd precipitated itself, and though its length was apparently interminable, the shouts and yells of the thronging mass conferred an awful interest, which made it far from tedious; while the glare of the elevated torches gave the Tartarian descent the appearance of a cataract of living flame. The bottom led them to one of those vast subterraneous caves, said in legendary tales, to be the work of the early giants of the land; and where the dim outline only partially revealed by the smoky light of the flambeaux, showed huge masses of projecting crag overarching them to an amazing height, which gave in its very indistinctness a coloring of deep sublimity to the place, according well with the grotesque and ferocious appearance of the bacchanals who filled it. Into this immense excavation was studiously congregated all those imaginary characters of their primeval national history, whose persons and exploits, deified in the sublime mythology of romantic superstition, fill the mind with vague and indefinite sensations of terror or of awe. Huge statues of Woden and Thor, and the other fabled heroes of their druidic

* The sketch of the influence of the various secret societies in Germany is not overdrawn: and a few years previous to the time of which we write, their practices were much more terrific, and their organization more ingeniously complex, gradually advancing from the simplest form of social intercourse to the most fearful rites with which jealous secrecy was ever screened by terror. If we are to believe the account of Robinson and other historians, the slightest appearance or suspicion of faltering in their allegiance was visited on the individual with a certain and terrible fatality. For much curious information on this point, the reader may consult Professor Robinson's "Proofs of a Conspiracy against all religions and all Governments," and "Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire du Jacobinisme, par l'Abbe Barnel."

* The Amstrath of Germany is an individual very nearly resembling our esquire in habits and influence.

* It was in this monastery that Luther formed one of the brotherhood. His cell is still shown.

poets, arrayed in necklaces of the skulls of their slaughtered foes and the other terrible trophies of their sanguinary prowess, stood frowning in the centre; and the fossil remains of stupendous antediluvian animals piled around like actual remnants of the gigantic inhabitants of an extinguished world, seemed to give reality and truth to the dark creations of the savage muse embodied in the frightful monuments. The occupation of the group was in strong keeping with the nature of the temple they had chosen to celebrate their orgies. A long table of stone extended through the centre, and between the images, on either side of which were placed benches of the same, where the entire number soon found a seat—the table was covered profusely with the materials of drinking. Here the company gave way to every extravagance of behavior which conscious security could inspire; and Frederick could not but admire the skill with which the chiefs directed the energy of excited passions to their great object of political ascendancy; and how easily they disguised under the semblance of an orderless revel the terrible power of their secret but extensive sway. Their mirth was promoted by bacchanalian songs, chorussed by an hundred voices to the wild music of their country, and their feelings roused by violent harangue and glowing descriptions of their national degradation.

When a continuance of the revel had inflamed the minds of the party into proper excitement, the scene was changed by a wave of the chieftain's hand into a deeper solemnity of horror. A number of the party attired to represent the vassal warriors of Odin, entered the cavern paradise, each bearing a bowl of the blood red wine, celebrated as the drink of gods by the early bards—these were placed before them at proper distances, and then a skull cased in silver, accompanied by every bone of the human skeleton bleached like ivory, and whispered to be the remnants of a martyred traitor, was laid upon the table; and the whole party rising up laid their hands upon some portion of the appalling memento, and swore aloud that thrilling oath which bound them by the most fearful adjurations of affrighted conscience to stand by each other through weal or woe—to leave no stone unturned, no means untried, which could effect the deliverance of their country—invoking on themselves, and denouncing to others the untiring vengeance of exasperated wrath should they betray the trust, and dooming themselves to the tortures of never-ending perdition to accomplish every purpose of this body, or perish in the attempt. Then as if to screw themselves to the terrible resolution and drown the involuntary shudder of their startled reason, they seized the symbolic wine and drank a flowing bumper, raising the following song, and passing it to one another amid the pealing chorus of every mingled voice.

DRINKING SONG OF THE BURSCHENSHAFT.

Pass round the blood red cup
And, thirsty brothers, drink—
There is a charm in quaffing up,
Unknown to those who shrink.

Pass round the wine,
And thoughts divine
Will like a spell come o'er us—
There's not a joy
Without alloy
But that we have before us.
Then fill the blood-red cup
And, thirsty brothers, drink—
There is a charm in quaffing up
They can not know who shrink.

This is the zest
Which rides the breast
Of all the ills that chain it,
And love and hope
Find brighter scope
The deeper that we drain it.
Then fill the blood-red cup
And, thirsty brothers, drink—
There is a charm in quaffing up
They can not feel who shrink.

They never knew,
The dismal few
Who would its use prohibit,
The glow of bliss
Which times like this—
So wild—so well exhibit.
Then pass the blood-red cup,
And, thirsty brothers, drink—
There is a charm in draining up
They can not know who shrink.

In chains we bow
To strangers now,
And if we have to bear them,
This can assuage
Our grief and rage,
Till comes the time to tear them.
Then pass the kindling cup,
And coward souls may shrink,
But sterner men will quaff it up—
Drink! banded brothers, drink!

Never was scene or ceremony so formed to inflame the mind. The stimulating music of the old national melody to which the exciting words were sung, reverberating in volumed echoes from the rugged roof of the vast cavern, seemed to be the applauding recognition of the hideous deities whose gigantic statues were placed in strong foreground of the deep darkness behind, by the red glare of light which ascended from the table, and made the whole scene an apt representation of the grim warriors of the Saxon mythology feasting in the halls of the God of War in his paradise of skulls and blood.

The effect of the beverage on Frederick was overpowering—his heart sickened, his brain whirled, and he fell fainting with overwhelming dizziness from his seat. To what passed afterwards he was insensible. But the transactions of that night left through all the stupefaction of his intellect an ineffaceable impression of horror on his mind. Towards morning, and while he was still struggling between the eclipse of reason and the intensest consciousness, the chief called him "Stock-am-eisen," said he, "your conduct has proved you worthy of your iron title. Hear me now. In a few days the greatest man the world ever produced will be in Erfurth, to hold a conference ostensibly with the Emperor of Russia, but in reality to show him half the princes of Europe in his train. Some blow is meditated against our independence by this artful policy. You must attend his levees as our representative. Every disqualification as to rank will be removed; and remember the stake which depends upon your discretion."

He turned instantly away and left Stapp's overwhelmed with a vague feeling, between astonishment, agitation, and delight. He was astonished as to how this important state intelligence had been procured—agitated at the fearful responsibility he incurred, between the risk of detection on the one hand, and the more terrible consequences attendant on the probability of giving dissatisfaction on the other—and he was delighted even to ecstasy at the springing hope which arose within him, that in the prosecution of that perilous task he might see once more, and even meet under the semblance of an equal rank, among the glittering throng of the imperial festivities, that cherished idol of his soul, to the passion of loving whom he had resigned every other actuating principle of his life. Then too, the time specified in the cabalistic oracle, he had heard from the wretched soothsayer in the Thuringian forest would be fulfilled, and tormented with a thousand distressing anxieties of hope and fear, he resolved to prepare himself for the event.

Few cities in the world have ever witnessed a scene of splendor like that which Erfurth presented on the evening of the 27th of September, 1808. The Emperor of France, to give the great nations of Europe, exulting in the hope of his diminished influence, a convincing proof of his imposing power, had resolved on that day to meet not merely the vassal kings of the Confederation, but the Giant of the North, the great autocrat of Russia himself. And though generally careless of the mere forms of royalty, he resolved to celebrate this great occasion by a profuse display of all the gorgeous magnificence which his imperial resources enabled him to assume.

Common occasions would be inadequate to afford a comparison of the wide anxiety to witness the splendid pageant. And even Frederick forgot almost every other feeling in the absorbing curiosity of the moment.—The cloudless sun flashed for hours on the golden equipments of the countless thousands, thronging every peopled road, and in that country of etiquette arrayed for the occasion in their gala robes. And when at length, passing through the saluting files of the French and Russian guards and preceded by the escutcheons of three thousand feudal families, the banners of eleven kingdoms and more than fifty independent states, the created and the creator of revolution, himself, appeared, riding unostentatiously at the side of the greatest monarch of the ancient dynasties, and each, like Henry and Francis, wearing the decorations of the other: one simultaneous shout rang from the assembled myriads who

thronged the scene—a prouder homage to the genius of the man than all the thunder of the artillery which proclaimed the imperial advent. From that day festivities of every description reigned in Erfurth. But the attention of Stapp was more particularly directed to a ball in which all the nobility of Germany were invited to meet the Emperors. This was the scene for which the student longed. The lovely creature whose form had haunted him so long, would, he knew, be there, moving unsurpassed in her native sphere; and shedding those smiles on all, one of which in the fervor of his devotion he would have died to obtain. And yet he sighed to think that even the sight of this golden fruit must be to him denied, so completely was all approach to rank prevented by the jealous vigilance of German etiquette. On the evening previous to the fete, while Frederick was pondering in misery on his inferior station, he was surprised in his little room by the sudden appearance of a stranger, who threw a large bundle on the table, and immediately withdrew. On examining the package, Frederick could hardly believe his senses when he found it to contain a full court suit of the costliest materials, accompanied with a card of invitation, bearing the seal and signature of the two imperial chancellors, and every requisite for making an appearance brilliant as any of the haughty nobles who were to mingle in the fete. Among the articles he found a note, which only contained the words—"Assume the name and title of the Baron Von Fuerstein, remark every particular, attend to every conversation, and be to-morrow at the Augustine Monastery." Frederick shuddered as he thought for a moment on the complete resemblance between the stranger and the mysterious chief of the initiation vaults, and trembled for the consequence; but the warm impulse of his love proved a stronger stimulus than any terrors which might be consequent upon refusal. He had too much confidence in the accuracy of their plans, to fear any risk in consequence of taking the illustrious name he was directed, and he retired to bed excited with the influence of a thousand hopes.

(To be continued.)

THE SONG OF BIRDS.

Male birds procure mates by the power of their song. Hence it may be inferred, that if a confined bird had acquired the song of another species, without retaining any notes of its own, and was set at liberty, the probability is, that it would never find a mate of its own species; and even, although it did, there is no reason to doubt but the young *sat* bird would be devoid of its native notes.

There has been much controversy among naturalists, whether the notes of birds are innate or acquired; the greater part of which has originated amongst those who argue on general principles without experimenting. We have ourselves instituted these experiments, and have hence proved clearly that the song of birds is innate. We have brought up repeatedly broods of young chaffinches, and they invariably sang their native notes when they arrived at maturity; and this without the possibility of their hearing the song of their kindred. Nay, on the contrary, they were brought up in the same room with a gray linnet, and never acquired any of its notes; but had their peculiar notes, which can not possibly be mistaken.—*White's Natural History of Selborne; with Notes, by Capt. Thomas Browne, F.L.S.*

THE EAGLE.

Mr. Lloyd mentions, that in Sweden, the eagle sometimes strikes so large a pike, and so firmly do his talons hold their grasp, that he is carried under water by the superior gravity of the pike, and drowned. Dr. Mullenbog says, he himself saw an enormous pike with an eagle fixed to its back by his talons, lying dead on a piece of ground which had been overflowed by a river, and from which the water had subsided. This naturalist also gives an account of a conflict between an eagle and a pike, which a gentleman saw on the river Gotha, near Wenersborg. In this case, when the eagle first seized the pike, he soared a short distance into the air, but the weight and struggling of the fish together, soon obliged the eagle to descend. Both fell into the water and disappeared. Presently, however, the eagle again came to the surface, uttering the most piercing cries, and making apparently every endeavor to extricate his talons, but in vain; and, after a violent struggle, he was carried under water.—*Id.*

No metaphysicians ever felt the deficiency of language so much as the grateful.

BIOGRAPHY.

From the American Journal of Science and Arts.

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF FRANCIS HUBER.

BY A. P. DE CANDOLLE.

Translated for this Journal by Professor Griscom.

Every thing which brings into view the surmounting of a great difficulty, is gratifying to the human mind. Those who are the least adventurous or inventive, are pleased with the exhibition of examples by which the bodily or mental strength of their fellow creatures has been enabled to conquer obstacles which appeared to be insuperable; and it is in a feeling of this nature, that all the wonderful tales of ancient times have had their origin. Those who are more accustomed to reflection, love to follow such examples into their details, and to study the process by which men of genius have succeeded in overcoming trials, or turning them to a good account. If such efforts are of short duration, they are admired as facts of fleeting occurrence; but if the obstacle is permanent, and the efforts continue unremitting, the admiration which is excited by a momentary burst of genius or energy is increased by the more profound sentiment which results from the contemplation of that sustained force, that voluntary and immovable patience which is the gift of so small a portion of our race. Such examples ought to be preserved for the honor of humanity, and for the encouragement of those who are inclined to turn aside at the prospect of difficulty. It is right to demonstrate, from time to time, to young people, that, if patience and resolution are not, as some have asserted, the only elements of genius, they are at least its firmest auxiliaries, its most powerful instruments, and that they are faculties so important as to lead, not unfrequently, in the search of truth, to the same results as genius itself. These reflections, though they may perhaps appear at the first glance, to be somewhat pretentious, will receive support from the history of the individual to whose memory this notice is devoted.

FRANCIS HUBER was born at Geneva, on the 21 of July, 1750, of an honorable family, in which vivacity of mind and imagination seemed hereditary. His father, John Huber, had the reputation of being one of the most witty men of his day, a trait which was frequently noticed by Voltaire, who valued him for the originality of his conversation. He was an agreeable musician, and made verses which were boasted of even in the saloon at Ferney. He was distinguished for lively and piquant repartee; he painted with much facility and talent; he excelled so much in the cutting out of landscapes, that he seemed to have been the creator of this art; his sculpture was better than that which those who are simply amateurs are able to execute, and to this diversity of talent he joined the taste and the art of observing the manners of the animal creation. His work on the flight of birds of prey is still consulted with interest by naturalists. John Huber transmitted almost all his tastes to his son. The latter attended from his childhood the public lectures at the college, and under the guidance of good masters he acquired a predilection for literature which the conversation of his father served to develop. He owed to the same paternal inspiration his taste for natural history, and he derived his fondness for science from the lessons of De Saussure, and from manipulations in the laboratory of one of his relatives, who ruined himself in searching for the philosopher's stone. His precocity of talent was manifest in his attention to nature at an age when others are scarcely aware of its existence, and in the evidence of deep feeling at an age when others hardly betray emotions. It seemed that, destined to a submission to the most cruel of privations, he made, as it were instinctively, a provision of recollections and feelings for the remainder of his days. At the age of fifteen, his general health and his sight began to be impaired. The ardor with which he pursued his labors and his pleasures, the earnestness with which he devoted his days to study, and his nights to the reading of romances by the feeble light of a lamp, and for which, when deprived of its use, he sometimes substituted the light of the moon, were, it is said, the causes which threatened at once, the loss of health and of sight. His father took him to Paris to consult Tronchin on account of his health, and Venzel on the condition of his eyes.

With a view to his general health, Tronchin sent him to a village (Stain) in the neighborhood of Paris, in order that he might be free from all disturbing occupa-

tions. There he practised the life of a simple peasant, followed the plough and diverted himself with all the rural concerns. This regimen was completely successful, and Huber retained, from this country residence, not only confirmed health, but a tender recollection and a decided taste for a rural life. He loved to narrate the hospitality of these good peasants, their mother wit, their kindness towards him, and the tears which flowed on his taking leave of them, not only from his own eyes, but from those of his male, and also, as it is said, his female acquaintance among the villagers.

The oculist Venzel considered the state of his eyes as incurable, and he did not think it justifiable to hazard an operation for cataract, then less understood than at present, and announced to young Huber the probability of an approaching and entire blindness.

His eyes, however, notwithstanding their weakness, had, before his departure and after his return, met those of Maria-Aimée Lullin, a daughter of one of the syndics of the Swiss Republic. They had been companions at the lessons of the dancing master, and such a mutual love was cherished as the age of seventeen is apt to produce. It had become almost a part of their existence, and neither of them thought it possible that any thing could separate them. The constantly increasing probability, however, of the blindness of Huber, decided M. Lullin to refuse his consent to the union, but as the misfortune of her friend and chosen companion became more certain, the more did Maria regard herself as pledged never to abandon him. She had become attached to him at first through love, then through generosity and a sort of heroism, and she had resolved to wait until she had attained the lawful age to decide for herself, (the age of twenty five,) and then to unite herself with Huber. The latter perceiving the risk which his infirmity would probably occasion to his hopes, endeavored to dissimulate. As long as he could discern some light, he acted and spoke as if he could see, and often beguiled his own misfortune by such a confidence. The seven years thus spent made such an impression on him that during the rest of his life, even when his blindness had been overcome with such surprising ability as to furnish one of his claims to celebrity, he was still fond of dissembling; he would boast of the beauty of a landscape, which he knew of only by hearsay, or by simple recollection—the elegance of a dress—or the fair complexion of a female whose voice pleased him; and in his conversation, in his letters, and even in his books, he would say, *I have seen, I have seen with my own eyes.* These expressions, which deceived neither himself nor any one else, were like so many recollections of that fatal period of his life when he was daily sensible of the thickening of the veil which was constantly spread between him and the material world, and increased his fear not only of becoming entirely blind, but of being deserted by the object of his love! But it was not so: Miss Lullin resisted every persuasion, every persecution even, by which her father endeavored to divert her from her resolution, and as soon as she had attained her majority, she presented herself at the altar, conducted by her maternal uncle, M. Riffet-Fatio, and leading, if we may so term it, herself, the spouse who in his happy and brilliant days had been her choice, and to whose saddened fate she was now determined to devote her life! A friend, a relation, an intimate confidant, was at her side;—that friend was my mother, and the story of this wedding of love and devotion, often related to me by her in my youth, is connected in my heart with the sweetest of my recollections.

Madame Huber proved, by her constancy, that she was worthy of the energy which she had manifested; during the forty years of their union, she never ceased to bestow upon her blind husband, the kindest attention; she was his reader, his secretary, his observer, and she removed, as far as possible, all those embarrassments which would naturally arise from his infirmity. Her husband, in alluding to her small stature, would say of her, *mens magna in corpore parvo.* As long as she lived, said he also, in his old age, *I was not sensible of being blind.*

This affecting union has been alluded to by celebrated pens. Voltaire often noticed it in his correspondence, and the episode of the Belmont family, in *Delphine*, is a true description, though somewhat glossed, of Mons. and Madame Huber. What can I add to a picture traced by such masters! Let me hasten then to the works which have placed Huber in the rank of savans.

(To be continued.)

SCIENCE.

THE NEW FULMINATING SILVER.—The Royal Dublin Society lately published a paper by Professor Davy, "On a new Acid (the Fulminic) and its combinations." Whilst examining these substances, he discovered a new fulminating silver, having the common properties of Howard's compound, but distinguished from it, by spontaneously exploding in Chlorine gas. A single grain of this fulminate is sufficient to produce about 100 separate explosions in this gas, and about 1000 explosions may be produced in about a half ounce phial of the gas. The fulminate is instantly exploded when dropped into mixtures of gases containing 1-100 of chlorine gas. Hence it is a delicate test of the presence of this gas, and will probably admit of application as a substitute for the fulminating compounds at present used in the percussion locks of guns.—*Dub. Univ. Mag.*

IMITATION SILVER.—Cutlers, and all those who have occasion to imitate silver, often purchase, very dear, an alloy called mailchior for escutcheons and other ornaments. It possesses considerable tenacity, and may serve as a substitute for silver in certain instruments of surgery. The two following prescriptions are both practised according to the uses of the metal. Their preparation requires the same precautions.

Melt in a Hessian crucible of the capacity of a quart, twenty oz. of nickel, six oz. of red copper, two oz. of salt of tartar, and three oz. of good clear glass. When the mixture is liquefied, withdraw it from the fire, and when the crucible begins to lose its redness, project into it four oz. of pure granulated zinc, and stir it carefully, that the zinc may be well diffused; place it for a very short time over the fire, and then pour it out on an earthen slab, removing carefully the scoria. This mixture is somewhat brittle; the following is more solid: Twenty-two oz. of nickel, eighteen oz. of copper, five oz. of zinc, and the same quantity as before mentioned. If the zinc contains the least portion of arsenic, the alloy will be yellow.—*Jour. de Connais. Usuelles, tome xii. p. 89.*

PRESERVATION AGAINST RUST, DAMPNESS, &c.—A piece of linen or cotton cloth, steeped in a saturated solution of lime or sulphate of soda, and carefully dried, preserves from humidity and oxidation, delicate steel instruments, and also preserves parchment and paper.

Steel instruments may also be preserved in quick lime.

A magnetic needle, suspended by a silk thread in lime water, undergoes no deterioration.—*Id.*

COLLECTING SWARMS OF BEES.—In Corsica the following method is employed for collecting swarms of bees. When the swarm comes out, a man follows them with an empty hive swung over his shoulders, the bottom and sides of which are rubbed over with lemon bark. He approaches the swarm and sprinkles it with lemon juice, with which he fills his mouth. The odor attracts the bees, and as soon as a single one enters the hive the rest follow.—*Id.*

EXTRAORDINARY SPRINGS.—There are no rivulets, or springs, in the island of Ferro, the west-most of the Canaries, except on a part of the beach, which is nearly inaccessible. To supply the place of a fountain, however, Nature, ever bountiful, has bestowed upon the island a species of tree, unknown to all other parts of the world. It is of moderate size, and its leaves are straight, long, and evergreen. Around its summit a small cloud perpetually rests, which so drenches the leaves with moisture, that they continually distil upon the ground a stream of fine clear water. To these trees, as to perennial springs, the inhabitants of Ferro resort; and are thus supplied with an abundance of water for themselves and for their cattle.—*White's Natural History of Selborne; with Notes, &c.*

STAGS' HORNS.—There is a curious fact, not generally known, which is, that at one period the horns of stags grew into a much greater number of ramifications than at the present day. Some have supposed this to have arisen from the greater abundance of food, and from the animal having more repose, before population became so dense. In some individuals, these multiplied to an extraordinary extent. There is one in the museum of Hesse Cassel with twenty-eight antlers. Baron Cuvier mentions one with sixty-six, or thirty-three on each horn.—*Id.*

CHOICE EXTRACTS.

From the North American Magazine.

ALBERT.—A TALE.

If, amid the multiplicity of your articles on science, music, and reviews, you think the following simple story worthy a place in your Magazine, it is at your service. It struck me as curious, and may serve as another proof of that inscrutable power, which has especial care of even the fall of a sparrow; and may well teach reliance on divine wisdom. It was vouchered for as a fact when I heard it, however strange it may appear; and perhaps may not be unacceptable, though told of those in humble life.

In a small town to the eastward lived a young man, whom we shall, for private reasons, call Albert, of sober life and industrious habits. His profession was that of an accountant; he was esteemed very handsome; had very brilliant eyes, which were admired by all the fair ones, young and old; many a sigh was heaved as he passed, and many a throb felt when he threw around his darts in an evening coterie, and various were the conquests of the man with the brilliant eyes, of which, by the way, he was not a little proud. He was, at last, captivated by the fair Lucy—a beautiful and amiable girl of nineteen. In process of time, she became as "ladies wish to be who love their lords," and about this interesting period, Albert was one night suddenly seized with cramp in the stomach, which as suddenly changed to his head. He awoke Lucy and begged her to get a light, which she hastily did; when she reentered the apartment, he said, in a tone made peevish by pain, "Lucy, why did you return without a light?" "My love," she replied, "I have brought one," and she held the lamp towards the bed. "Bring it to me, then, for I see it not." She now put it near to his face, when he exclaimed, "I feel the heat, but see not the light! my eyesight is gone—I am blind, and all is darkness." True it was, that by some singular operation of nature, his eyesight was thus in a moment taken from him—his eyeballs refused their office and were dead to all visual objects. In the mean time, the offspring of mutual love was ushered into life. "Toss'd on this troubled sea," he heard its lamblike cries, but saw not the sweet mouth from which they issued; he clasped the dear infant to his breast, and covered its innocent face with kisses, but he beheld not the features which were his own. Time rolled on, and though in darkness, a kind of holy calm stole over him, from the belief that his little one was a blessing sent to cheer him in his sorrow. The gentle Lucy tended him with more than common care, and sought by the most delicate assiduities to alleviate his privations and misfortune. What can not the soft power of woman achieve? In prosperity she is the spirit of joy, in affliction a ministering angel. She is the pure type of virtue, fresh from the hand of God, till broken, soiled, and cast upon the waste by the destroying hand of man—eternally at war with that power in whose likeness he stands—but to crush and stain all that is fair in nature. Albert was an exception, he felt the truth, and his heart rejoiced in Lucy and his babe. Dearly attached to each other and their little nestling, they fancied they were happy; but, alas! how short-lived is happiness! They hoped their joy would last—alas! false hope! their wants were few, but the world's medium, the dross, the trash, that misers hug and worldlings toil for—the devil that guiles men of their souls, and seals the contract with him, was fast passing away. Yet their expenses banished; while the fond wife led the poor dark husband to taste the air, a nurse was of necessity engaged to attend the child, and nameless et ceteras of circuited upon the slender purse. Amid the gloom and darkness, Lucy often led her heart's dear love spot where through the surrounding woods (and to the

she hang upon his neck and weep,) and along the beach—he heard the thousand living sounds, but saw not the flesh bud, the leafy beauty; he heard the plashing of the waters, but contemplated not the wave, with its crest of foam. He inhaled the fragrance of the flowers, but perceived not their opening beauties—the winds of winter howled, and the deep snows covered the earth; he felt the influence of the storm, but beheld not the white flakes as they fell and were icebound.

The chill of poverty now crept on; but though their comforts were abridged, and privations demanded, which to many would be bitter, yet it warped not his nature, cowed not his temper; but resigned, though somewhat melancholy, he was incessant in attention to his religious duties, and he proudly clung to God and his Redeemer, and forgot not that "he chastens whom he loves."

The world's goods and gear of this bereaved and stricken family now consisted only of the household furniture, and that, shorn of the little splendor which once adorned their dwelling in better times. The small stock of jewelry and ornaments that in the early days of love were presented to Lucy, were all gone; and the patient wife had applied for needlework, whereby to obtain the means of present life, and the following day was appointed for the commencement of her task. It was now evening, and Lucy seemed nervous and uneasy; an unaccountable anxiety held her as by a spell; the household affairs appeared to accumulate, the rooms were traversed without any evident purpose, and she frequently opened the door as if in expectation of some one's approach.

The day was departing as she looked, for the last time, through the window; the sun was setting in a sea of blood, and as she closed the shutters upon the scene and the fading light, she felt as if some unaccountable change was about to take place. Her mind was troubled and she not why; there was a chaos of hopes, of doubts, and fears—the very orb of day seemed to leave the world in anger, and with his last red glare, gave token of a change in nature. Their scanty meal was finished; the embers were fast dying away, and after a prayer of more than usual earnestness, the dark man and his faithful wife retired to rest, and slumber fell upon their eyelids.

At the very same hour, he was attacked precisely in the same way that he had been eighteen months before; he groaned heavily, and Lucy instantly struck a light, when he suddenly exclaimed, "You have got a light!"

"Yes, dear Albert! but how know you that?" said she, running towards the bed.

"Great God!" he cried, "it is here! my eyesight has returned in the very same way by which it left me. I see the light and I am happy!"

Almost convulsively he took the lamp, examined the features of his babe, kissed the lips which smiled even in sleep unconscious of the blessed event, folded his wife to his bosom, who wept for joy, and sunk in silent adoration before his God, who wounds but to heal.

M.

INFLUENCE OF POLITE LITERATURE.

With us the spirit of the age is clamorous for utility—for visible, tangible utility—for bare, brawny, muscular utility. We would be roused to action by the voice of the populace, and the sounds of the crowded mart, and not lulled asleep in shady idleness with poet's pastimes. We are swallowed up in schemes for gain, and engrossed with contrivances for bodily enjoyments; as if this particle of dust were immortal—as if the soul needed no aliment, and the mind no raiment. We glory in the extent of our territory, in our agricultural privileges, and our commercial advantages. We boast of the magnificence and beauty of our natural scenery—of the various climates of our sky—the summers of our Northern regions—the salubrious winters of the

South, and the various products of our soil, from the pines of our Northern highlands to the palm trees and aloes of our Southern frontier. We boast of the increase and extent of our physical strength; the sound of populous cities, breaking the silence of our Western territories; plantations conquered from the forest, and gardens springing up in the wilderness. Yet the true glory of a nation consists not in the extent of its territory, the pomp of its forests, the majesty of its rivers, the height of its mountains, and the beauty of its sky; but in the extent of its mental power—the majesty of its intellect—the height and depth and purity of its moral nature. It consists not in what nature has given to the body, but in what nature and education have given to the mind; not in the world around us, but the world within us; not in the circumstances of fortune, but in the attributes of the soul; not in the corruptible, transitory, and perishable forms of matter, but in the incorruptible, the permanent, the imperishable mind. True greatness is the greatness of the mind: the true glory of a nation is moral and intellectual preeminence.

But still the main current of education runs in the wide and not well-defined channel of immediate and practical utility. The main point is, how to make the greatest progress in worldly prosperity; how to advance most rapidly in the career of gain. This, perhaps, is necessarily the case, to a certain extent, in a country where every man is taught to rely upon his own exertions for a livelihood, and is the artificer of his fortune and estate. But it ought not to be exclusively so. We ought not, in the pursuit of wealth and worldly honor, to forget those embellishments of the mind and heart, which sweeten social intercourse and improve the condition of society. And yet, in the language of Dr. Paley, "many of us are brought up with this world set before us and nothing else. Whatever promotes this world's prosperity is praised; whatever hurts and obstructs this world's prosperity is blamed; and there all praise and censure end. We see mankind about us in motion and action, but all these motions and actions are directed to worldly objects. We hear their conversation, but it is all the same way. And this is what we see and hear from the first. The views which are continually placed before our eyes, regard this life alone and its interests. Can it then be wondered at, that an early worldly-mindedness is bred in our hearts so strong as to shut out heavenly-mindedness entirely?" And this, though not in as many words, yet in fact, and in its practical tendency, is the popular doctrine of utility.

Now, under correction be it said, we are much led astray by this word utility. There is hardly a word in our language whose meaning is so vague, and so often misunderstood and misapplied. We too often limit its application to those acquisitions and pursuits which are of immediate and visible profit to ourselves and the community: regarding as comparatively or utterly useless many others, which more remote in their effects, and more imperceptible in their operation, are, notwithstanding, higher in their aim—wider in their influence—more certain in their result—and more intimately connected with the common weal.

We are apt to think that nothing can be useful, but what is done with a noise at noon-day, and at the corners of the streets; as if the action and utility were synonymous, and it were not as useless to act without thinking as to think without acting. But the truth is, the word utility has a wider signification than this. It embraces in its proper definition whatever contributes to our happiness; and thus includes many of those secret studies and social avocations which are generally regarded either as useless or absolutely injurious to society. Not he alone does service to the State, whose wisdom guides her counsels at home, nor he whose voice asserts her dignity abroad. A thousand little rills springing up in the retired walks of life, go to swell the rushing tide of national glory and prosperity; and whoever in the solitude of his chamber, and even

by a single effort of his mind, has added to the intellectual pre-eminence of his country, has not lived in vain, nor to himself alone. Does not the pen of the historian perpetuate the fame of the hero and statesman? Do not their memories live in the song of the bard? Do not the pencil and the chisel touch the soul while they delight the eye? Does not the spirit of the patriot and the sage, looking from the painted canvass, or eloquent from the marble lip, fill our hearts with veneration for all that is great in intellect and godlike in virtue? If this be true, then are the ornamental arts of life not merely ornamental, but at the same time highly useful—and poetry and the fine arts become the instruction as well as the amusement of mankind—they will enrich the heart and improve the understanding, and make up the general fullness of the mind.—*North American Review.*

CROCODILES IN SCOTLAND.—In Cornecockle Moor, Dumfriesshire, there is a sandstone quarry, on the slabs of which are distinctly imprinted the tracks of the footmarks of animals. These were discovered in the year 1812. They differ in size from that of a hare's paw to the hoof of a poney. On a slab, which forms part of the wall of a summer-house, in Dr. Duncan's garden, at the Manse of Bothwell, there are twenty-four impressions, twelve of the right, and as many of the left foot. Professor Buckland considers, that the animals must have been crocodiles or tortoises.

EELS.—There are no eels in the Danube, nor in any of its tributary streams. The rivers of Siberia, though large and numerous, are destitute of them.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Literary Inquirer.

THE COTTAGE.

How sweet yon Cottage meets the longing eye,
While o'er it runs the wild luxuriant vine,
Clinging with child-like feeling to its walls,
Grown old and dusty with the lapse of years!
Here ripples by the rade meandering stream,
In playful eddies winding on its way,
Now slow, now swift, now calm, and ruffled now,
And now in lofty cascades plunging deep,
Niagara like, into the gulf below.
On its low bank the willow takes her stand,
And pays obeisance endless to the stream;
While on its branches early sits the lark,
And sings to rouse Aurora from her sleep.
At evening's hour sweet Philomela comes,
Panting with eagerness to breathe her lay
Sweetly within the listening urchin's ear,—
A song continued, save when broken by
The sad, sweet echo of the whippoorwill.
Near by the venerable Cottage stands,
O'erlooking all with a paternal eye;
Beside each window blooms the lovely rose,
(Emblem of all that dwell within the cot,)
Shedding a sweet perfumery, like the balm,
Borne on the breeze that played o'er Eden's plain;
While sportive urchins, reveling in glee,
In all their frolic, innocence, and mirth,
Rival the Cupids of the days of yore.

Without, the dust we tread on doth seem sweet,
And fancy's foresight tells what lies within.
Within, (if with unhallowed steps we may
But venture,) still the same simplicity,
The same neat innocence pervades the whole;
No proud magnificence is there to meet
The empty gaze; no splendid equipage;
No massive plate; no pearls or diamonds shine;
But on each cheek, more beautiful, there glows
The roseate tint of virgin modesty;
And every eye is sparkling with delight,
And every smile is richer far than pearls.

'T is night; the Cottage, well illum'd, displays
A lovelier scene; the sires releas'd from toil,
Returns to meet their welcomes and smiles;

And with a look complacent of delight,
Resumes his wonted seat by Emma's side,
And tells o'er all the day hath seen to pass,
While she industrious plies the needle well,
And listens to the words of him she loves;
And every urchin sits to hear the tale.
Perhaps he tells of former times, when all
Around was one vast wilderness—a drear,
Unseemly sight; when through the wild, the breeze,
Unbroken, swelled continual music, save
When drown'd by some lone wolf's loud, solemn howl.
Perchance—and then he looks on Emma's face—
He turns to youthful days and early love,
And calls up scenes that many a year had slept
Within the veil of memory; then each heart
Grows warm again, each cheek is tinged anew,
With the same fire that warm'd their early breasts;
The unextinguish'd flame of youthful love.
They pause—the feeling is too sweet, too pure,
Too much of heaven, to be lightly touched.

They look upon their offspring—oh! that look
Is full of tenderness; perchance the tear
Begins to course the mother's cheek, and each,
With anxious look, imploring asks her why?
"Because, my child, I love you!" "Mother, say,
Don't we love you, too?" "O yes! yes, my child!"
Drop curtain! 't is a sacred scene, unfit
For vulgar eyes to gaze upon. Say, ye
Who revel in continual rounds of mirth,
And strangle nature with your deep excess;
And ye who hold the sceptre in your hands,
Or wear upon your brows the diadem,
And stretch your arms in power o'er the land;
Ye for whom now ten thousand, thousand toil,
To pamper a luxurious appetite;
Or rob old ocean of her deep-hid pearls,
To shine in borrowed poppy an hour;
Have ye in palaces magnificent beheld
A scene so full of innocence and bliss?
Mirth, glory, wealth, for which so long ye toil,
Are poor remuneration for your care;
How transient and how fading! 't is not these
That wake the soul in raptures! 't is not these
That make the care-worn bosom glad! and light
The eye with living ecstasy! The cot
Of poverty as often wears a smile
As towers or palaces; in such a cot
Pollok and Burns drank deep of poesy,
And fill'd a wondering world with awe and love.
Here dwell content and glorious peace of mind;
Here the kind heart that swells with sympathy;
And here, if yet on earth, sweet innocence.

Time speeds along, and Death with rapid flight,
Resistless, comes to urge us to the tomb;
And then what boots it that the sparkling pearl
Bedeck the finger? that the monarch's crown
Has sat upon one's brow? and know ye not?—
Ah! there are thousands, were they here, could tell,
Transported tell, with many a tear of joy,
The gate of heaven lies as near the cot,
The poor man's domicil, as to the proud,
The great, the mighty of a wondering world!

Brockport, March 26, 1833.

study of the human frame and the contemplation of human life. When we examine the beautiful structure of the system, composed of myriads of parts put together in the most perfect regularity, performing their various functions in their separate and united capacity, without interfering, in the most consummate harmony and order; observe with care, and consider well that beautiful arrangement of the several parts; then turn from that examination, to contemplate the workings of the mighty mind within—how it expands with varied internal emotions, and communicates the glowing impress of its glory and its power, on every expression of the system; how completely every extremity obeys the impulse from above, from the empire of the mind; with what accuracy the several parts perform their various functions, and all contribute to the health, beauty, and utility of the system, enable it to act the part and occupy the station assigned it in the grand scale of creation; we can not avoid being gratified with the investigation. The subject is one of great magnitude and moment, and one on which volumes instructive and interesting might be written. I regret that we shall necessarily be very brief, but hope, and am induced to believe, that it will not be entirely uninteresting to an intelligent and enlightened assembly.

Wherever we direct our attention on the vast theatre of the world, substances solid, liquid, and aeroform meet our observation, and become subjected to our examination. These substances are governed by some laws and have some properties in common, such as weight, extension, affinity, &c., which affect matter under all circumstances and in all conditions; and they are all classed under the general term "matter," which comprises every thing in the material universe, and without the idea of which, it is impossible to conceive of any thing. The light fluids which float in the atmosphere and dance in the breeze, as truly consist of matter, and are as certainly subject to the laws of nature, as the solid granite which forms the foundation of the world; and the ethereal essences, that soar by their light and airy natures far beyond the boundaries of the fluid we breathe, and kiss, as it may be, the stars, are as surely material substances, as the solid gold that glitters in the mines of Peru, or the diamonds that sparkle in the sands of Brazil.

Matter meets the eye wherever its gaze may be fixed: it is matter that gives the various sensations of taste, smell, &c.; the world, and all upon and around it, are composed of matter, and are subject to general laws, as before mentioned. But a moment's observation points out to us two great divisions of matter, separating it into two distinct classes, which are denominated living and dead: both governed by physical laws, and possessing many properties in common: the former, however, are endowed with powers and properties which enable them to resist (at least apparently) during the time of their operation, some of the laws which govern the latter; which, however, resume their control when these powers or properties cease to act, which cessation of vital function is denominated death.

Bodies endowed with these properties, requiring particular arrangement of materials for the production of those phenomena which constitute life, are thence denominated organic: consequently, trees, shrubs, plants, beasts, birds, fishes, insects, and, in fact, all the various species, both of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, belong to this class. These bodies, during the period of their existence, at least appear to act in a different manner, and to be governed by different principles, from those which are dead; and the functions which produce this difference, by their action, denote the presence of life. Hence the term life, in its strict and real definition, is only intended to express the combination of phenomena, which unite in causing the idea of existence. Of the abstract and elementary nature of the power, which connects these phenomena, we are ignorant. We are only sensible that such connection does exist, and that some principle, whose properties we are unable to investigate, must unite them. The evidences of life are presented in almost every portion of the world; the elements abound with them. We perceive them in ourselves, in the various orders of animals that roam over the land, sport in the liquid elements, and traverse the atmosphere; all nature teems with them, and they are on every side exposed to view. Thus, for instance, trees and animals come into existence, flourish and bloom for a while, appropriate other matter to themselves, perform the various operations peculiar to each for a time, then their functions stop, they cease to exist, gradually become decomposed, resolve into their original elements; and then, entering into new combinations, appear under other forms, and perhaps constitute new existences. In the former state they may be styled living, and in the latter they become dead bodies. In the first, or while living, the general laws which govern matter seem to be successfully opposed by some power superior to the affinities of surrounding substances, which on the cessation of that principle to exercise its influence immediately commences and usually effects the dissolution of its constituent elements. It is evident that this decomposition was effected by a contact with heat, damp, air, &c.; but these same materials surrounded those bodies anterior to the period of death, possessing precisely the same properties, and only withheld from producing the same results, by some power, which successfully opposed these affinities during existence.

(To be concluded in next Number.)

LITERARY INQUIRER.

EDITED BY W. VERRINDER.

BUFFALO, TUESDAY, APRIL 9, 1833.

Our readers will perceive, by the notice in the adjoining column, that we have more than doubled the premium offered for the best Tale, and greatly increased the one for the best Biographical Sketch of some eminent literary character. We have also proportionately prolonged the time for receiving contributions intended for this object. We are induced to do this on account of the paucity of articles that have come to hand. It may appear singular, but it is a fact, that the premium offered for the best Essay, although the smallest, has procured several articles—one of which, a valuable Essay on Education, consists of eighteen closely written folio pages; while we have received only one Tale, three Poems, and one Biographical Sketch—the last of which was not sent until after the time specified in our notice. Although the smallness of the premiums may in some measure account for this, yet believing that other circumstances had exerted an unfavorable influence, we last week consulted several members of the Lyceum and other friends, by whom we were unanimously advised to pursue the course now taken. Our readers will likewise perceive that we have considerably increased our former premiums for the best Poem and Essay; and we take this opportunity to state, that if the number of our subscribers should be sufficiently augmented, we intend offering in the early part of the ensuing year, such premiums for original compositions—both literary and scientific—as will not fail to secure the assistance and cooperation of the most eminent writers in the country.

** In our next number we hope to mention the names of the Gentlemen to whom the Poems and Essays will be referred; and as soon as the Committee shall have pronounced their decision, we propose publishing those communications for which the premiums are awarded. In subsequent numbers we shall insert, in the order suggested by the Committee, such of the other articles as they may deem suitable for publication. Should the writer of the Tale or of the Biographical Sketch, object to our retaining the manuscript, we shall of course be willing to return it. Had there been only two candidates for these premiums, we should have submitted their contributions to the Committee, and been happy to publish the best in the number that will contain the Prize Poem and Essay.

BUFFALO LYCEUM.—We have inserted part of a Lecture on *Life and Death*, which was delivered by Mr. C. D. FERRIS, on Monday evening, March 25, and of which we intend giving the conclusion in our next number. The only business attended to at the subsequent meeting of the Lyceum, was the appointment of R. W. HASKINS, and G. W. JOHNSON, Esqrs. as delegates to the annual meeting of the National Lyceum, which will be held in New-York on the 3d of next month. We shall feel obliged if these gentlemen will enable us to lay before our readers an account of the anniversary proceedings of this Institution.

NEW YORK.—H. Faxon & Co. of Buffalo, have issued proposals for publishing, by subscription, a work to be entitled *The Record of Crimes in the United States*. It will contain "a brief sketch of the prominent traits in the character and conduct of many of the most notorious Malefactors, who have been guilty of capital offences; who have been detected and convicted; and who have expiated their crimes, by suffering the penalties of the law." A judicious compilation of this kind, recording crimes perpetrated in the United States, will, we think, exert a salutary influence on the morals

of the rising generation. Terms: The *Record* will contain not fewer than 350 duodecimo pages, printed on good paper with fair type, and delivered to Subscribers, in full binding, handsomely gilt, at \$1.25 per copy—payable on delivery.

THE KNICKERBACKER.—Never, perhaps, on any similar occasion, were the expectations of the literary world so generally excited or so highly raised, as when it was first announced that Messrs. Peabody and Co. of New-York, intended to commence *The Knickerbacker*. The hopes which were entertained that this periodical would prove worthy of its high origin have been more than realized. Four numbers have now been published, and may be examined either at the office of the *Literary Inquirer*, or at the Book-Store of O. G. Steele, Agent for Buffalo. We have extracted the first part of a most interesting Tale from the third number, and intend shortly to give a more extended notice of this valuable and deservedly popular Magazine.

WALDIE'S SELECT CIRCULATING LIBRARY.—Of the new series of this work we have received the first eleven numbers, which are printed with great neatness, singular compactness, and beautiful perspicuity. We have inserted the Publisher's Address to the Public on our last page, and can now only mention the following striking characteristics of the *Library*:

Sarran's Memoirs of Lafayette and Louis Philippe, which cost six dollars and fifty cents, are reprinted for twenty-five cents; The Gentle Recruit and Saratoga, which cost five dollars, are furnished for twenty-two cents; Batt's Tour through South Holland, which cost two dollars and twenty-five cents, is supplied for fifteen cents; and MacFarlane's Banditti and Robbers, price eight dollars, for twenty-four cents. These works are all contained in eight numbers of the *Library*.

INCREASED AND ADDITIONAL LITERARY PREMIUMS.—With a view to encourage the efforts of native genius, the following premiums will be given to the writers of the best articles for the various departments of the *Literary Inquirer*, which shall be contributed on or before the last day of October next. A Gold Medal, or Fifty Dollars, to the writer of the best Tale, suitable for publication in this paper; a Gold Medal, or Twenty-five Dollars, to the writer of the best Poem on any interesting and appropriate subject; a Silver Medal, or Fifteen Dollars, to the writer of the best Biographical Sketch of some eminent character; and a Silver Medal, or Ten Dollars, to the writer of the best Essay on some subject connected with literature or science. On the medals, should the successful competitors prefer them to their respective value in cash, will be engraved suitable inscriptions.

A letter, containing the title of the article and the name and residence of the writer, should be enclosed, or sent separately, marked on the outside—"Name only." All communications to be addressed to the Editor of the *Literary Inquirer*, 214, Main-street, Buffalo.

** Should our journal meet with sufficient encouragement, we propose, in the early part of next year, to offer such liberal premiums for original compositions—both literary and scientific, as will not fail to secure the assistance and co-operation of the most eminent writers in the country.—April 9, 1833.

□ Editors with whom we exchange, or who are desirous of an exchange, will confer a favor by giving the above a few insertions.

NUMERAL WORD SYSTEM.—There is, perhaps, no faculty of the mind which is susceptible of greater improvement than that of memory. Its strength may be vastly increased by careful and persevering culture. The extent to which its power has been sometimes carried, is indeed so amazing, as almost to transcend the bounds of rational belief. The examples of persons distinguished for the strength of their memory, are, however, so numerous and well attested, as to command our implicit credence. Very early attention was

bestowed upon the science of Mnemonics, and various methods have been devised for assisting the memory. For the remembrance of dates, especially, several plans have been suggested. The one proposed in Gray's *Memoria Technica*, though superior to any of its predecessors, is liable to many objections, on account of its difficulty and complexness. Indeed no system that we are acquainted with, has retained its celebrity for any length of time. The Numeral Word System, published in our first number, is in a great measure free from the perplexities of Dr. Gray's method. Although it is not invariably the case that the most simple system is the best, yet simplicity should be aimed at in every invention designed to facilitate our progress in useful knowledge. And in this respect, at least, the system furnished by "Numericus" stands without a rival. When the plan is thoroughly mastered, when one has acquired a perfect knowledge of the rules and exceptions, nothing can be easier than to reduce this knowledge to practice. For instance: a person wishes to commit to memory a statistical table. He makes the attempt in the ordinary way, but finds himself unequal to the task. Let him, however, gain a complete knowledge of the Numeral Word System, and the committing of the table to memory becomes not merely possible, but is actually rendered an interesting exercise of the mental powers. All that he has to do is to put down the consonants which stand for the successive figures, and by inserting vowels between them, to form such words as will most naturally suggest the event of which they represent the date, or the place of which they denote the population, extent in square miles, &c. We say *most naturally*, because it is quite easy to form different words with the same consonants, by merely changing the vowels which are placed between them; and in composing sentences, it may be sometimes necessary to do this, before we can fix on the right ones. Those of our readers who choose, can easily make the trial for themselves. We are endeavoring to obtain a copy of the work from which "Numericus" extracted the system, and should the attempt prove successful, we shall probably refer to the subject again in some future number.

NUMERAL WORD SYSTEM.

The following are the figures, for which the words and sentences were substituted, in the table published in our last number.—ED.

EXAMPLES IN STATISTICS.

Countries.	Extent in Square Miles.	Population.
Globe	198,942,808	893,000,000
Europe	8,336,622	214,000,000
Asia	13,946,491	508,000,000
Africa	9,894,594	125,000,000
Australasia	8,000,000	1,981,884
China	3,000,000	255,862,746
Great Britain	1,356,264	98,263,751
England and Wales	57,960	12,855,626
Scotland	29,606	2,220,183
Ireland	30,493	6,822,656
United Kingdom	112,059	21,908,695
Russia	6,410,893	60,192,798
France	176,734	32,000,000
Austria	929,966	31,000,000
Turkey	583,384	19,165,969
Japan	133,422	19,000,000
Burmah	291,364	14,000,000
Prussia	91,856	12,000,000
United States	2,312,893	11,973,525
Persia	604,736	11,000,000
Spain	186,282	11,000,000
Mexico	1,694,601	8,000,000
Naples	33,600	7,000,000

NUMERICUS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We have received several poetic effusions, which are under consideration, and to which, in our next, we will more particularly refer.

POETRY.

SONG.

BY H. F. CHORLEY.

O, let me give my heart away,
I've lived too long alone,
Until my spirit, once so gay,
Hath dull and joyless grown;
The smile hath faded from my cheek,
The fount of Hope is dry,
I scarcely have the heart to speak,
Then love me, or I die.

I've lived a hermit life too long
'Mid rocks and lonely trees,
My only thoughts a changing throng
Of aimless fantasies.
But weary of these wandering vain,
For human things I sigh;
O give me to my kind again,
And love me, or I die.

I'll be the slave to watch your rest,
To work your will by day,
And every scarcely looked behest
With thankful haste obey,
If to my suit, at last you'll make
One sign of kind reply:
Then hear me, for sweet pity's sake,
And love me, or I die.

ON MUSIC BEING PLAYED IN THE PALACE AT ANTWERP
AT NIGHT DURING THE SIEGE.

BY LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY.

Cease, cease, those festal and triumphal tones—
There is an echo of long-deepening groans
Upon the winds of mournful midnight borne—
But ill it suits with brattling tromp and horn.

Low sounds of death accost the startled ear;
Distract them not—they claim one pitying tear:
Oh, hush the music in the Royal Hall,
Let it sink slow in many a dying fall.

The brave!—with foreheads ploughed and bosoms gored,
Turn from their old companions of the sword!—
Their brethren of the battle!—turn and weep—
Whilst through their hearts some unknown terrors creep.

Silence those soul-bewildering harmonies!
Hark! heard ye not their low and smothered cries?—
Their heart's best blood *they* poured for sceptred state,
Some empty pomps—let *that* for them abate.

There, on their narrow pallets stretched, they lie,
Each pulse, with quivering tortures throbbing high,
Till in one agony—the deadliest—last—
A thousand agonies have fiercely past.

May still small whispers chase th' impending gloom,
And all the horrors that surround their doon,—
Horrors their homicidal service owned—
Now be they banished, cancelled, and atoned!

Hushed—hushed are now th' artillery-hurricanes;
Be silenced too, th' afar-resounding strains,
That cheer the soldier in the savage strife,
Put sooth not his last lingering hour of life.

Frechance his fevered fancy may rejoice
In the soft accents of some well known voice;
Still let them bless the fondly-dreaming ear—
Far sweeter than all music, joy can hear!

Be silent then the stormy-rolling drum;
The stars, the holy stars of midnight come,
And, shrinking from those glad unho sounds,
Weep tears of light on yon red battle-gounds.

Meek Hope, o'er these dread hours shed down, like balm,
Thy melancholy, thine adoring calm;
While slow they roll, loaded with night and death!
Though winged from yon proud dome on music's breath!

ON TEMPERANCE.

AN EPIGRAM.

Let moderation be your guide,
Excess is sure pall;
In the old proverb's truth confide,
That too much honey's gall.

LITERARY PERIODICALS.

PROSPECTUS OF PEABODY & CO.'S NEW MAGAZINE.—The undersigned having long meditated establishing a Literary and Miscellaneous Periodical, in this city, and having at length made every necessary arrangement, will publish punctually on the First of every Month, LITERARY MISCELLANY. The work, when fairly established, will consist of Tales, Reviews, and Essays, with Notices of the Arts, Views of Society at home and abroad, Comments on the Fashions and Temper of the Times, Gleanings from the least accessible of Foreign Publications, and the earliest on-dits in literary, sporting, and fashionable circles. But above all, to reflect life and literature, as displayed in this metropolis, shall be the principal object of THE KNICKERBCKER, OR, NEW-YORK MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Each number will contain sixty-four octavo pages of letter-press (being sixteen pages more than first promised in the original announcement) printed with an entirely new and beautiful type, procured expressly for the work. The paper, of the finest American manufacture, will be similar to that used in the Annuals, and stitched in an elegant tinted cover. The greatest attention, in short, will be paid to its typographical appearance, while superior engravings will from time to time ornament and enrich the publication.

Terms of subscription, FOUR DOLLARS per annum, payable on subscribing.

Should the publication meet with the success that is anticipated, judging from the Subscription Book, which has rapidly filled up since issuing the Prospectus, it will permanently assume an entirely original character. The publishers being prepared, if met in their design by the public, to enlist the first acknowledged talent in the country, and call out latent ability, at an expenditure hitherto unpractised on this side of the Atlantic. In the meantime, without mentioning the names of the able contributors who have courteously pledged their aid, they feel warranted in stating that arrangements have been made, which will enable them to proceed with their undertaking, under the most favorable auspices.

PEABODY & CO.

219, Broadway, New-York.

WALDIE'S SELECT CIRCULATING LIBRARY.—The very flattering reception the "Library" has met with, and the solid expression of approbation bestowed upon the undertaking, by all who have seen the work, will, it is hoped, screen the proprietor from the imputation of intrusion, in requesting a perusal of the annexed statement. The nature of the work is as yet only partially known; and he is induced to believe that a more extended knowledge of its plan and object will give a corresponding satisfactory impression of its utility.

The publisher can not omit the expression of his sincere thanks to a generous public, for the unqualified and flattering testimonials bestowed on his work. This approval shall stimulate him to renewed exertions to merit a continuance of such favors. The editions of books, in the Circulating Library, are now much larger than those issued of similar works in the usual form. The continued and daily accession of subscribers renders it still more imperative on the editor to seek the best description of works; and the publisher has great pleasure in assuring the public, that the utmost vigilance will be employed to cater for so extended and intelligent a class as already compose the patrons of the "Library," not only in the United States, but throughout the contiguous British possessions. Every facility, that an extended connection in London can afford, is within reach of the editor, who receives by every packet the latest European books, and has full access to the best public and private collections in America. From these sources, he will be able so to diversify the contents, by including Travels, Voyages, Novels, Tales, Biography, Memoirs, &c. as to embrace the whole range of polite literature. Novels of historical or uncommon merit shall receive due attention; but he is confident that a continual succession of fiction would pall upon the reading appetite of the educated, whose approbation he is particularly anxious to secure; and while he provides such matter as is desirable for all, his aim will be to select only such works as will give a proof to subscribers that their introduction here is a pledge of their value.

A new series was commenced in January, opening with Sarran's Lafayette and Louis Philippe, with which subscriptions now begin. New subscribers may be considered gainers by this, as, in place of getting the numbers some time published, they will receive newer matter, selected from the most recent publications which have appeared in Europe; and, by commencing now with Number 1, they will each possess fifty-two numbers in regular order, forming two complete volumes for binding, with title pages and tables of contents. The price is five dollars for 52 numbers, which will contain as much matter as 1200 pages, or three volumes, of Rees's Cyclopaedia. These numbers will comprise at least from twenty-five to thirty entire works, printed on good paper, and with the same accuracy as book work. Twenty dollars will be received in full for the subscription of five individuals. This deduction will pay all postage. Published by ADAM WALDIE, No. 6, North Eighth street, Philadelphia, where subscriptions will be gratefully received.

MISCELLANY.

MONITORIAL SYSTEM.—From an able article on the subject of education on the principle of "mutual instruction," that is, of tuition of learners of an inferior grade by other learners more advanced, which appeared in a recent number of the *British Magazine*, we make the following extracts:—

"ASCHAN, the celebrated preceptor of Queen Elizabeth, was wont to say that a boy learned more from giving a lecture to another in Cordery, than by receiving one himself in Homer.

"LOCKE remarks, 'When any one has learned any thing himself, there is no such way to fix it in his memory, as to set him to teach others.'

"FORTIUS, the most zealous and unwearied of all schoolmasters, seems to have been strongly impressed with the advantages of teaching others, to attain certainty and perfection ourselves.

"Whatever you shall have learnt, that immediately teach. Thus you will confirm your own acquirements, and be able to profit others.'

"Of so much value do I account this practice, that I had rather have the judgment of a youth who had been in the habit of constantly teaching, even the meanest elements, than of one who by solitary reading at home had read through the best authors.'

"As soon, therefore, as a boy shall have learnt one word from his master, even in the very rudiments of the Latin and Greek tongue, he should immediately teach it to others.'

"To the same purpose MIDDENDORF says, 'By teaching, a person instructs himself more fully; and while he himself is addressing others, he often learns together with those who are listening to him.' He quotes the following lines from PANORMITANUS:

"If you desire to learn, go teach;
'T is thus you will yourself be taught;
With profit is such study both
To you and your companion fraught."

"The advantages of this practice are doubtless derived from the exercise of mind and memory requisite in the communication of knowledge to the ignorant, who, being of various dispositions and capacities, demand in the teacher not only a superiority of knowledge, but also a tact and method corresponding to the task, and its full comprehension. By the frequent inculcation, therefore, of any science in others, a more thorough, permanent, and practical acquaintance with it must necessarily be acquired than can be by any solitary and private efforts, however ardent and diligent; and this is evident in the least as well as in greater operations and departments of learning. There is a necessity in the teacher for thought and observation, and for depending on self. A boy, by being called upon to instruct others, discovers his own defects and ignorance, and then applies with earnestness to qualify himself in those matters in which he had made an imperfect or narrow proficiency."

Not long since, stoves were offered for sale in Boston, which the seller remarked, "would save half the fuel." Mr. W. being present, observed, "Sir, I will buy two of them, and then I shall save the *whole*."

It was observed of a philosopher who was drowned in the Red Sea, "that his taste would be suited, for he was a man of deep thinking, & always liked to go to the bottom."

A concealed fellow introducing his friend into company, said, "Gentlemen, I assure you he is not so great a fool as he seems." The gentleman immediately replied, "therein consists the difference between me and my friend."

Those who imagine they do not please, often neglect the means by which they might do so; whereas, if they once become aware that all they say and do finds favor in the sight of others, they are no longer ashamed of being charming, or afraid to be agreeable.

The LITERARY INQUIRER is published every other Tuesday, under the patronage of the Buffalo Lyceum, at *One Dollar and a Half* per annum, if paid in advance; or *Two Dollars* per annum, if paid at the end of the year.

No subscription received for a less term than one year, unless paid in advance, and at the rate of two dollars per annum; and no paper discontinued, except at the option of the publisher, until all arrearages are paid.

Orders and Communications to be addressed (post-paid) to the Proprietor, W. Verrinder, 214, Main-street Buffalo.

AGENTS.—Hamburg: Chas. Pringle, P.M.—Rochester: Alex. Gordon, Rochester Nursery—Cleveland: Edward H. Thompson—Clinton: B. Hickox, P.M.—Dunkirk: Ezra Williams, P.M.—Springville: E. Mack, P.M.—Westfield: Orlando M'Knight—North Boston: R. B. Edmunds, P.M.—Lockport: M. H. Tucker, P.M.—Silver Creek: J. Elsworth, P.M.—Eden: S. Mallory, P.M.—Evans: W. Van Duzer, P.M.—Penn Yan: T. H. Bassett—Willink: P. M. Vosburgh, P.M.—Batavia: Marmont B. Edson, Post-Office—Forrestville: A. H. Corey, P.M.—Jamestown: Assistant Post Master—Ewington, (Illinois): J. H. Gillespie, P.M.